

In Southern Prisons.

decreasing the possibility of the prisoners being of any use to the Northern army that the treatment derounced as barbar-ous in the South African war, whether tory note by Meiba.

To the student of music, the book needs been considered a matter of course fifty years ago. Much fault has rightly been found with the deficient hospital service of the Spanish-American war, but in the Crimea there was at first no hospital service at all. It is scarcely to be won-dered at, therefore, that the notions of "The world is military necessity in the treatment of prisoners, entertained in 1863, allowed the existence of conditions which were horrible in themselves and seem even mor so after the lapse of nearly forty years. The author says of the prison guards:

The author says of the prison guards:

"It seemed to be the aim of the rebel authorities to put men in charge of the prisons who were notorious on account of their brutal natures—builies, and I doubt not, cowards at the front, for no truly brave man would vent his spleen on an unarmed prisoner who had no means of defending himself, and whose surroundings were such that prudence would forbid resistance. This is the most charitable aspect I can put upon the matter; for if such persons were not chosen intentionally, but were taken from the army without regard to their peculiar fitness in this respect, it would seem to prove that, as a whole, the rebel army was a set of black-guards and barbarians, and I cannot make that assertion. Justice to the true Southern soldier compels me to say that we generally found them true as steel to soldierly principles and generous to a fallen foe."

Of the policy of the Confederate gov-

Of the policy of the Confederate government in regard to prisoners he says

The editorials in regard to Andersonville. \* \* struck me at the time as being the coolest survey of a probable mortuary result that I had ever read or heard. It was murder, not only premeditated, but publicly recommended. And the locating of the stockade at Andersonville was a grand supplement to such a spirit, and worthy the genius of its advocates and projectors. Yet notwithstanding all the adduced testimony in the case, men will stand up in the halls of Congress and declare that the inhuman treatment of prisoners was unknown to them and to the Confederate authorities at Richmond. Such assertions are preposterous and bear falsehood on their face, with the stench of Beile Island wafted to their nostrils by every breeze blowing from the south, the Island itself in view of the windows of the Capitol, and their morning papers bearing editorials of this character to their very desks." An extract from one of the editorial

referred to is as follows: "A move is in contempistion among officials, and has been recommended, having for its object the removal of the Yankee prisoners now confined in having for its object the removal of the Yankee prisoners now confined in Richmond and Danville to the corn-fields of central Georgia. We think this would be a wise move, as it will take them nearer the base from which their supplies are brought, doing away with transporting it to them, and placing them also where the climate may tell upon them as heavily as our army is doing in front."

Among the incidents in the chapters on dersonville is this:

Andersonvilie is this:

"I found I had been very fortunate in becoming one of Felix's household, in more ways than one. Being one of the 'original settlers' he had secured a pine stump, roots and all. This he had stored behind his tent, next to the dead lime, where he could watch it, every splinter being valuable. When we got through cooking we gathered up every particle of wood and put out the fires, laying the charred embers carefully away till next time. That you may better get an idea of the value of fuel, I would note a little conversation between us to that point. "What are those fellows doing over there in the swamp? said I, one day, directing Felix's attention to a dozen or more persons who were wading around in the mire and filth, fuddling around with their arms buried up to their shoulders and feeling carefully as if in search of buried treasures." "Why, he said, they are hunt."

ing care-rangers.

"Why," he said, 'they are hunting for red-roots to cook with.'

"Red-roots!' I echoed—I suppose in

"Red-roots! I echoed I suppose in a doubting tone.
"Yes, red roots. When we first came in here that swamp was covered thick with red-wood bushes as high as your head, or higher, and so thick that a rabbit could not get through them. Now it is as you see—every inch has been worked over dozens of times, two feet below the surface. In search of bits of roots to cook with. Tough, len't it? Tough, isn't it?"
"Tough! Good heavens! Think of

Tough! En't it?

"Tough! Good heavens! Think of those fellows thus working over those four or five acres of fitthy swamp in search of the smallest fibres of roots, while just outside the stockade walls on the cast and south were thousands of cords of the best of pine wood and hundreds of cords of tree-tops, the butts of which had been felled in preparing the pen. These tree-tops had been dragged off the prison ground, and now lay outside, going to waste, although the prisoners would gladly have collected them if they could have had permission to do so, under guard.

"I made it my businers to investigate all that when I was out on parole, and I could attribute the whole thing to nothing but cussed meanness; well studied and scrupulously applied. There is not a person who was confined there but will testify that the condition of the men might have been bettered a hundredfold without one cent of cost to the Confederate government.

"Owing to the bad condition of the water supply, the boys had dug a number of wells, some of them forty and fifty feet deep. The sand was of such a character it did not cave in a perpendicular wall. The digging was all done with knives, and the dirt was drawn up in boot-tops. Of course, the sand favored the work, but to supply so great a number with good drinking water was beyond the power

of the same invored the work, but to supply so great a number with good drinking water was beyond the power of the wells, and there was considera-ble suffering with no hopes of any-thing better, as the weather became hotter and the grounds outside be-tems filthler."

Mr. Hyde's account of the rations serv ed out is not appetizing, to say the least: and, in fact, many of the details which he gives are painful even to read. The

made their food edible, but according to "A Captive of War," by Solon Hyde, is this account there was only the scantless a somewhat detailed account of Ander-sonville and Libby prisons, in which the condition of things is that it was partly author spent rather more than a year, caused by the ideas of the Confederate It is evidently intended as a refutation of recent statements to the effect that the Confederate prisons were managed with as much humanity as was possible in the circumstances, and that Federal prisoners were treated nearly as well as the men in the ranks of the Confederate army. It is not likely to meet with much favor in the South, as the writer, though he speaks well of the rank and file of the Confederate army and of most of the officers with whom he came in con-system of slavery, and without the sertact, is extremely frank and emphatic in lousness and sense of responsibility and his statements that deliberate cruelty was protection toward the weak which that practiced upon Yankee prisoners for the system sometimes developed. (New York: purpose of increasing the death rate and McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.)

Miscellancous Books when exchanged. The book contains much
the same account of the prisons as that Marchesi, is a book whose title page 's given out by Albert D. Richardson, cor-respondent of the "New York Tribune," chesi, as the teacher of Melba, Gerster, in his book, "The Field, the Dungeon, and Nevada, and other prima donnas, is the Escape, published some thirty years known of all the musical world, and it reago. It should be remembered, however, mains only to say that in her writing she that the customs of war have changed is as clear and practical as in her teachconsiderably in the last half century, and

no recommendation and no comment; but to those not familiar with musical technique, a paragraph from Mr. Henderson's introduction may be of value as showing the general nature of Madame Marchesi's

introduction may be of value as showing the general natural of Madame Marchesi's training. He says:

"The world is sadiy overcrowded with so-called trachers of singing, who, to speak the simple truth, are no more than quacks. The way to sing today is the way that Porpora taught Caffareili. It is the way in which all the wonderful male sopeanists of his time sang. It is the way in which all the wonderful male sopeanists of his time sang. It is the way in which their successors, the astonishingly fine singers of the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the eighteenth and the first half of the eighteenth century sang, for Agujari, and Mara, and Mrs. Billington, and Grisi, and Persiani, and their contemporaries were all exponents of the old italian manner of singing, upon which Mme. Marchesi founds her faith and her practice. There is no other right method of singing, for this one is built on nature. Here the casual observer will naturally ask why, if to sing rightly is to sing naturally, it is necessary to give so much study to the mastery of the technics. The answer is stereotyped but true, that few of us use our organs of tone and enunciation in our daily conversation according to the laws of nature, and when we attempt to sing we wander still further from the path; for in singing we are called upon to employ a much wider range of tone than we use in ordinary speech, and we are forced to enunciate words throughout this range. Added to that is the essential requirement of making the tone beautiful instead of permitting it to become a shout or a scream.

"I am quite aware that the cry of him who bemoans the departure of former days, because he thinks they were better than ours, is invariably discredited, especially by those who are too young to have known those earlier times. I am aware, too, that the demands of enlightened theatregoers in this dawn of the few nithes the city of the musical phrase, but also dramatic temperament and exceptional gifts of interpretation. With these he expects to find t

donna of the early sixtles, who had a
good voice and a pure trill, is no longer tolerated.

"But owing to the popular delusions
in regard to what is called 'Wagner
singing (which is not singing, but
screaming, and shouting) too many
opera-goers have learned to admire a
new sort of prima donna, a person who
has a robust voice and an exceedingly
robustious style, who rushes energetically from one side of the stage to the
other, who pants and puffs from the
violence of her exertions, but who projects passionate temperament into the
atmosphere much as a fire-engine atmosphere much as a fire-engine squirts water from a hose. This sort of prima donna is typical in Germany, where she is worshipped with an ado-ration quite blind to the fact that she ration quite blind to the fact that she knows no more about the laws of singing than a builfinch does of the rules of mathematics. Performers of this kind get much applause wherever they go; for if one but makes noise enough with his voice, he can for a brief, while strut upon the stage and command the bravos of the ignorant in any city in the world. The influence and example of these screaming dramatic singers works incalculable harm to the cause of good singing. Their influence vitates public taste; their example turns young singers aside from the true path.

The downfall of this false goddess

young singers aside from the true path.

"The downfall of this false goddess is certain when she attempts to set herself up for adoration in the temple of pure song. As long as she has the factitious aids of action and scenery and the interest of a dramatic story to sustain her, she can maintain her place in the public esteem till her outrageous treatment of her voice robs it of its last vestige of musical quality, and she can produce only sounds intolerable to sensitive ears. But let her in the heyday of her career essay a recital of songs, and she is undone, for the one thing she cannot do is to stand still and simply sing. She has never learned how to do that."

This sort of criticism is rather savage

This sort of criticism is rather savage but it is needed. Anyone familiar with the conditions of the operatic stage, to say nothing of comic opera and the mu-sical burlesque, which has been offered ad nauseam to the public of late, can see that some radical reforms are needed in the way of singing and dramatic meth ods. Much of the staging and acting now popular deserves that name about as much as a peacock's scream and strut. (New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

A little book called "Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff" has appeared, ap-parently for the purpose of seiling itself on the merits of the "confessions" There is nothing particularly new in it except some portraits. Robert Fleury, De Mau-passant, and others are pictured, and some of the young artist's correspondence with De Maupassant is quoted. There is also a "foreword" by Jeannette L. Gilder. quotations from the letters are full of that intense self-consciousness which several years ago caused a heartless parodist to refer to the author of the "Diary" as "Marie Bask-in-herself," and the name is perhaps as apposite as anything that has been said of her. French and Russinn natures seem to be possessed of much the same power of self-absorption and posing, mingled with name sim-plicity, but although it may be natural to them, it is not a very good pose for the American, and by the time people in general had read the "Diary" realized that they did not know how to sympathize thoroughly with a person who felt in that way. Possibly it is just as well. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes

"European Travel for Women," by Mary book is about the strongest indictment Cadwalader Jones, is a sensible and useful against the prison pens of the South that has appeared in the last quarter of a women traveling alone in Europe. For century, and is likely to cause consider-that matter, it will also be valuable to able discussion. He states that the peas, parties, or to families, in fact, to any cablage, and ment served out to the pris-oners were frequently covered with ver-min, and generally of bad quality and in-sufficient in quantity. In fact, the dirt of the prisons seems to have been their most taying feature. With a sufficient bits of good advice which one has heard

dmply maddening. Those who desire to pick up the fragments will do well to buy this little book to read on the

The designtful common sense of the au-thor is shown on the first page, where there is some good advice about staying at home. She very reasonably suggests that people who want everything just as they are used to have it in their own country would much better stay there. Again, she suggests that children should not be taken to Europe unless the plan is to settle down somewhere, as they will acquire no love for art or curios from being dragged through galleries while too young to appreciate the privilege. Another little explanation which is likely o relieve the minds of nervous people is

other little explanation which is likely to relieve the minds of nervous people is this;

"If you are thinking of traveling in summer, and say to your friends that you intend to see something of southern France and Italy, as well as of Great Britain, they will assure you that you will suffer dreadfully from the heat, and will probably die of sonstroke or some terrible local fever. The reason for this widespread belief is that the original guide books for use on the Continent were written by and for Englishmen, who are usually uncomfortable if the thermometer goes over seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The German and French guide books have copied them in regard to countries not their own, but, as a matter of fact, any healthy American who can stand one of our summers will find nothing to dread short of the real tropics. Rome in July or August is not nearly so hot as Washington, and as for the mosquitoes which are said to make Venice intolerable in September, any one of their able-bodied American cousins can do more execution than a dozen of them. We naturally associate the idea of heat with the south, but many cities of southern Europe are cooler than others farther north. Naples, for instance, is never as hot as Florence, because, like New York, it has the sea breeze at night. This even holds good as to Palermo, which is cool compared with Milan. The climate of central and southern Europe is, however, more relaxing than ours, and the heat often holds stendily day after day, which is fatiguing.

"If people tried as hard to catch typhoid and malarial fevers at home as they do abroad they would certainly succeed quite as well, and yet they persist in laying the blame on a forcign climate. Nobody here would dream, after a brisk walk in a sunny street, of poking about for half an hour in a moldy cellar without an extra wrap; but put the cellar in Italy and call it the crypt of a church and the proceeding is apparently considered reasonable. In the same way, while travelers admire the picturesque sights of a medieval town "If you are thinking of traveling in

"Don't get overheated and then

"Don't go too long without eating.
"Don't drink water unless you are sure it is good."

It may be added that these rules hold good for travelers in this country as well

is in Europe.

The necessary preparations for the journey are thoroughly explained, down to sundry little tricks for finding baggage quickly. For example, it is suggested that where there are several trunks belonging to one person the key of each should be tied with a different colored ribbon and ribbon of a corresponding col-or put on the trunk, which saves much trouble in selecting the key from the

bunch in a hurry.

There are recommendations of various guide books, dictionaries, and novels useful in the journey, and the manner of living most practicable in all the principal countries of Europe is carefully de-scribed. The matter of tips—one of the most perplexing problems to the Ameri-can traveler—is carefully explained. The coinage system of each country receives attention, so that the traveler may study this matter before arriving in a new place. But perhaps the most valuable thing in the whole useful little collection of hints page the query, "Must you break the lock open?" in Eaglish, and its equivalent in French; exactly opposite on the right hand page are the Italian and German translations of the same question. There are more than two hundred questions, answers, phrases, statements, and forms for telegrams in this cleverly devised appen-dix, and the chances are that after one experience with it in a Continental country the woman who owns this book would rather lose all the hairpins out of her head than have that lost. There is scarcely any common emergency which one or another of these phrases does not cover, and if the pronunciation is difficult the traveler need only hold the book open and point to the phrase, and if the native can read, it will be all right. Anyone who has read Jerome Jerome's amusing description of the trouble which he and his friend "B---" had in getting a savory German omelet will appreciate the useful (New York: The Macmillan Company,

"Recent Advances in Astronomy," by intended to be a popular account of recent progress in this science. Among the sub-jects discussed are the life of a star, the measurement of stellar distances, the Milky Way, recent study of Mars, the read, though not so simple as to be tire-\$1.25.)

"For Charlie's Sake" is the title of a stender collection of verses by John Wil-liamson Palmer. The best known among them is "Stonewall Jackson's Way," but death of the same great leader, is almost as good. These two alone would be enough to make the book worth publishing. (New York; Funk & Wagnalls.)

who, having had a present of a few france, recklessly spends it in a journey to Florence "to see the world." "Ashes, Dust and Nothing" is the pathetic ro-"Ashes er the prisons seems to have been their number of half-forgotten suggestions and mance of a priest, and "The Feast of pling of the Philippines" by Prof. Rudolf reading for children and all lovers of the supply of water and fuel the prisoners at one time and another, and which come and humor, the story of a family wretch-by Prof. R. M. Wenley; on the "Personal at one time and another, and which come and humor, the story of a family wretch-by Prof. R. M. Wenley; on the "Personal at one time and another, and which come and humor, the story of a family wretch-by Prof. R. M. Wenley; on the "Personal Characteristics of British Men of Ge-by have done for the horse and dog.

"Orestes' Patron" is a bit of pure com icate satire. But perhaps the prettiest of all is "A Wise Little Fool," the story of a dreaming Italian child with the soul of an artist, neglecting her ill-paid straw work to watch the doves circling about Giotto's Tower. There is quiet humor as well as poetic daintiness in the last pages of it:

"On the day when the last of the hats had been carried home and paid for, Anglolina's mother handed the child a whole five-centesimi piece—that is to say, a whole cent.

"Thou hast worked like a good child, Anglolina; this is for thee, she said.
"Three minutes after the child's place was vacant.
"Out on the great square in the sun-

Pare was vacant.

"Out on the great square, in the sunlight, at the foot of the world-famous tower, stood a little figure, half hidden in a cloud of wings-doves in her arms, on her shoulders, about her head. She felt the tiny hearts beating, the shiny wings rustling, the wee feet clinging to her fingers, and the bright eyes glanced into her own shaning ones. She had her dream at last. Some passers-by stopped to watch the pretty sight. "Look, Louis!" exclaimed a lady; that is the very child I told you ofthe little maker of hats. See what a lovely expression and what eyes.

"Then a brown hand thrust another cornucopia of grain into Angiolina's hand." (Child's self-amount of the little maker) and the standard of the little maker of hats.

"Then a brown hand thrust another corneopia of grain into Angiolina's hand.

"Child," said a man's kind voice, in broken Italian, 'I will give you as much corn as you like if you will let me sketch you so. And if you will let me sketch you so. And if you will let me make a picture of you and the doves, I will give you a franc for every hour until the picture is finished. Will you do it, little one?"

"Si, st, oh, si! 'Angiolina answered, looking without fear or shyness straight into the stranger's eyes, with her own beaming.

"Take me to your home, then, that I may talk with your mother,' said the young man, smiling. And, dropping the rest of the corn, Angiolina all but flew before them, so lightly did her happy feet touch the ground.

"It can be imagined whether the poor Chiara consented, and how the neighborhood gathered afterward to talk it over breathlessly.

"Well, of all the cleverness!' exclaimed Pacia, and so bold! to plant herself right there where the signore pittore was bound to see her. Every day he goes by to his studio. But if ever I'd thought there was money in it, my five should feed those pigs of doves all day, let it cost six cents a day."

"The Angiolina is not quite a fool,

it, my five should feed those pigs of doves all day, let it cost six cents a day?

"The Angiolina is not quite a fool, then, after all, Paola" Chiara could not help saying, proudly.

"Hm—that's as may be. In my mind he must be a fool, who would paint such a little pale thing and all those porks of doves, 'replied Paola, with a shrug, retreating.

"All the same, 'confided old Luigi to Angiolina's mother, later, 'though she won't eat her words to you. I heard her say to that great fat Paolina of hers just now, "Go to the Piazza tomorrow—do you hear, stupid—and take idd with you; she has the reddest cheeks of you all. And place yourselves where the painter signore will see you when he goes by You have no ideas—you! Watch that Angiolina and do what she does—idiots!" and Luigl inughed heartily, while Chiara smiled with pride.

"But I tell you this,' added Luigi, "It will do her no good if she sends all five; nene of them cares for those droll ones up there—the colombine—unless it be to eat them. Neither do I. But the Angiolina is different; she has a heart like that good saint the Father tells of, and it sees itself in her face. That is why the signore wished to paint it. And she thinks beautiful things in her head, and they make themselves with her little elever fingers, and the signore forestiere buy them. There is no going against such, for it is the doing of God."

"You may be right, Luigi, answered Chiara, wiping away a tear of pride and tenderness; I never thought her a fool—not I."

"And thus the little fool became suddenly the wise one of the Piazza; for the only way they knew to judge between folly and wisdom was by siecess."

The children of this world are not al-

The children of this world are not always wiser, even in their generation, than the children of tight. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.)

"A Royal Enchantress," by Charles Dessar, is a story dealing with the history of the Berbers in the seventh century. The beroine is a legendary Queer of the Berbers who was reputed to have possessed prophetic powers. (New York Continental Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

"The Luck of a Lowland Laddie." by May Crommelio, is a love story dealing with the fortunes of a seventh son of a seventh son, and while the main interest is the phrase-book at the end. Here one is that of romance, there is a certain eleis the phrase-book at the end. Here one may find about forty pages of the commonest phrases needed by the traveler, stretching across two pages in four landing guages. Thus one finds on the left-hand guages. Thus one finds on the left-hand guages and adventures employed in the devices and adventures employed in the stretching across two pages in four landing pages. Thus one finds on the left-hand guages. the development of the plot are new, and last novel, "The Lady of Lynn;" a story there is one in particular—the incident of of Cromwell's time, by Amelia E. Barr. the lamparagua, or beast tree-which has to be entitled "The Lion's Whelp;" a nev never before been used in fiction.

"Two Cousins and a Castle," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, is a love story with a somewhat surprising denouement, dramatis personae are a pretty girl, her cousin, who bears the unromantic name of Spinks, an eccentric old grandfather in love with the castle which he owns an A. H. Fison, is, as the author explains, well-bred and lovable English girl. (New

analysis of sunlight and startight, and the red flames of the sun. To those interested in this subject the book will be Revolution seem like real people instead of steel engravings, and in this he has of steel engravings, and in this he has chusetts boy detailed for scouting duty some. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co., in Washington's army, and by a series of adventures is pressed into the service of the cavalry leader, Tarleton, and carof the cavalry leader, Tarleton, and carried south to the Carolinas, where he encounters Sumter, having already seen something of Washington and Hamilton. There is plenty of fun in the talk and ried south to the Carolinas, where he en the characters of the Yankee recruits. the Carolina loyalists, the swampmen of Walter Wyckoff (author of "The Work-Marion and Sumter, and the English private soldiers, are vividly described. The hero is a manly and likable young fel-

wate soldiers, are vividity described. The Williams, Robert Bridges, and Burton Epherts. The author has analyzed the various strokes, one by one, and instantaneous photographs supplement the text. There are also general suggestions as to the links, the caddle, the method of play, the rules of the game, and the different makes of bails and clubs. (New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.)

Recent Fletion.

"The Fortune of a Day," by Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson, is a book of short stories of Italian life. Nothing pretiet is to be found in the literature of the season than these little sketches. They are artistic both in conception and in execusion, and full of the sunny atmosphere of Italy. Most of them deal with Florentine life, though there are one or two taker of the sca-coast. The first of the stories, which gives its title to the book, is the story of a day's pleasure in the life of a poor little straw worker, of Flesole, who, maying had a present of a variety of the story of a day's pleasure in the life of a poor little straw worker, of Flesole, who, maying had a present of a variety of the story of a day's pleasure in the life of a poor little straw worker, of Flesole. Who, maying had a present of a few and mature of the season to a poor little straw worker, of Flesole, who, maying had a present of a few are also general suggestions as to the links, the caddie, the warried and the story of a day's pleasure in the life of a poor little straw worker, of Flesole. Who, maying had a present of a few and story is likely to win its altoguted the latest of this story is likely to win its story to with the latest of the gradual that a called of it. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 15.50.)

\*\*Mayor Magnalines\*\*.

\*\*August Magnalines\*\*.

\* of a poor little straw worker, of Flesole. is followed by one on its beginnings, an who, having had a present of a few account of Gilbert of Colchester, who france, recklessly spends it in a journey three hundred years ugo laid the foundations of electricity and magnetism. Other articles in the number are on the "Peo-pling of the Philippines" by Prof. Rudolf

nius," by Mr. Havelock Ellis; on "Frederic Meyers" and "Psychical Research," by Prof. William James; on "The Prose of the Head in Its Relation to Disease," by Dr. George T. Stevens, and on "The Great Pingue of the Middle Ages," by Prof. E. P. Cheney.

"McClure's" for August contains a variety of good things. Norman Duncan, whose recent volume of New York tales, entitled "The Soul of the Street," attracted merited attention, contributes a story of the Newfoundland coast called "The Chase of the Tide" and imbued with the dreamy and imaginative charm found in his former work. "The Wild Horse of Tartary" is a stage reminiscence by Clara Morris and the story is one of the funniest in stage annals. "The Little God and Dickey" is an amusing story of child life by Josephine Dodge Daskam. Henry Wallace Phillips, a new writer whose sto-rles of cowboy life are worth watching, contributes one of these tales, entitled "A Red-Haired Cupid." "The Search for the Missing Link" is an exhaustive study of Prof. Haeckel and his work, by Ray Stannard Baker. There is a poem entitled "Night," by Paul Kester, and a sketch of Devery, by Arthur Ruhl, under the heading, "The Caliph and His Court." The Man Who Won" is a story of Wall Street, by Edwin Lefevre, and "A Year of No-bility" is the title of a sketch by Henry Van Dyke. The number as a whole is unusually good, even for "McClure's."

In the August number of "Ainslee's Mag-"The Wonders of Christian Science," by Eugene Wood, is much more lively than any treatise or tract. "Lawson, of Boston," by Winfield M. Thomp-son, is an excellent topic, handled in graphic style. In the series, "Great Types of Modern Business," the fourth article, "Department Stores," is by H. E. Armstrong.

The August "Atlantic" is a fiction number, containing six complete stories or sketches. Miss Jewett's "Tory Lover" comes to an end and Miss Johnston's "Audrey" increases in interest with the new installment. Prooks Adams opens the number with a disc. ssion of the state of our foreign relations, commercial and na-tional, entitled "Reciprocity or the Alternative;" Henry A. Clapp begins his "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic;" J. D. Whelpley, under "The Isolation of Canada," discusses the national policy of that colony; P. A. Sillard describes James A. R. Kimball treats of "The New Pro vincialism;" the famous English poet, William Watson, and others furnish

The appearance of Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," with illustrations in colors, com-pletes for this season the remarkable se-ries of nature books issued by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. E. M. Chapman's Life." Prof. J. H. Comstock's "Insect Life, "Frot. J. H. Comstocks" Insect Life, and Mr. Mathews' "Familia Trees' are accompanied by Mr. Mathews "Familiar Flowers," which presents in new series of exceptionally effective pho-tographs of flowers.

The "Bookman" says:

An absurd and entirely unfounded report has been circulated in the newspapers to the effect that M. Maeterlinck has been suffering from mental aberration, and that he is at present-in a smitarium. As a matter of fact, the eminent Belgian writer is in the best of health and spirits, and at the present moment is taking a bicycle trip upon the Continent. On his return he will commence work upon a volume of essay which he has already planned.

Beautiful editions of standard authors are the order of the day. The "Outward Bound." Kipling, and the "Thistle," Stevenson, are about to have two rivals. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce rich subscription editions of the works of Dr. A. Conan Doyle and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. In the case of Dr. Doyle the set will number twelve volumes, and in that of Mr. Hawkins thirteen; both sets to be increased as new books are written.

Andrew H. Green, the "father" of Andrew H. Green, the "father" of Greater New York, says of Ulmann's "Landmark History of New York:" "It is the most accurate book of its kind that I have seen, and, while couched in a form designed particularly to interest the young people, it performs a valuable service in fixing the identity of many historical sites and landmarks of our great city that might otherwise have been lost."

never before been used in fiction. The lanparagus is supposed to be a carnivorous tree existing somewhere in the swamps of Chile, and though its character seems to be somewhat apocryphal, the idea is effective enough to justify the very clever use which the author has made of it. The book is good light reading for summer. (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.)

"Two Cousins and a Castle," by Mrs. H. The novel by S. R. Crockett; also a

Dodd, Mead & Co. have arranged to is sue Col. T. Aliston Brown's "History of the New York Theatres." The work will be published by subscription, in a strictly limited edition, fir two volumes.

This apocryphal tale is found in the

these materials and the picturesque old ruin of a castle the author has managed to construct a very readable story, sweetened by the really charming character of the heroine. There is nothing grand about Miss Mab Eardley; she is simply a sweet, well-bred and lovable English girl. (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.)

"Scouting for Washington," by John Preston True, is a story for juvenile readers, fresh, breezy and thoroughly readable. It seems to be the aim of the author to make the series of the s

One of the last literary undertakings of the late Sir Walter Besant was the completion of a popular work for which had special qualifications—"The Story of King Alfred." The American rights have been secured by D. Appleton & Co., and the book will be published by them.

Post Wheeler (for the name, after all, There is plenty of fun in the tale, and versity, one of the brilliant circle which comprised, besides Booth Tarkington ers"), James Barnes (the naval historian and war correspondent), Jesse Lynch Williams, Robert Bridges, and Burton

"Possy Meow," by Mrs. S. Louise Parterson, will shortly be published by Messrs George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. It is the autobiography of Mrs. Patterson's own pussies and be

CURRENT VERSE

onnet of Evening to a Distant Clock

Strike! thou distant clock thy dead hours alow, 'Mid purpled trees! see thy tower arise. Oh! leave a while this feast before my eyes—Time's but a little part of long ago. Dust love the dark that steak this evening glow And haunts thy sleeping tower with night bit cries!

See! the Lord hath filled with gold the skies; Hath Night her proudest mantle woven so?

Night hath none, but streaming o'er her brow Were treases bright as yonder heavens weave. To tell thy hungry bell the day is o'er. Ring! I will watch the gold soft rading now into the dark and sullen shades of eve. Ontil my eyes be dim and see no more.

—Penrhyn Stanlaws in the Whim.

Song.

A star upon her brow; With sunset blushes in her cheeks, She beckens now. I, ever fickle, stand between,

The Dusk is dark and glorious,

Upon my lips a rune,
And in my summer singing soul—
The holden happy noon,
—Robert Loveman, in Harper's Magazine. Some Empty Phrases.

The girl may have hinted she'd like to excey Some ballad or similar thing. She may have surgested she'd like to display How clearly her upper notes ring. But when she's invited its proper to my She kindly consented to sing. The youth may have pleaded with voice and wit

For some one to give him "a show."
He me'er 'gets a job' though appealing to men
With tales of his worth and his woe,
But, give him a chance, he complainantly then
Accepts a position you know. To pose as a patroness may be the bim Of a dame on pre-eminence bent.

Of a dame on pre-eminence bent, Though tricks that she tries in this popular gam May clearly reveal her intent. You'll notice when asked for the use of her name

# The Swamp Singer.

List to his voice—

Ker-runk! ker-chunk!

As he sings in the lowland sedges.

List to the plunge of his dart-like lunge

As he dives where the cress-meed dredges;

The fox-fire glows in the misty grey

Of the home of the singer chilly.

Whose popeyes peep in a furtive way

From the breast of a white pond lily.

List to his voice—

Ker-runk! ker-chunk!
As he sits on the bank a-dreaming.
List to the splash as his sice's legs dash
To the depths where the fish are gleaming;
The sunbeams creep through the leafy gloam
Of the nook of the singer chilly.
Whose popeyes peep from his island home,
The breast of a white pond lily.

—H. S. Keller in the Boston Courier.

# Outward!

Outward broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweet And larger voice on shores of lovelier lands, Starred heavens of vaster light and night with sleep Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours, Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise; Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fail lik flowers Gardened in Paradise.

Outward! O throse resolved in mightier song! Splendor of nameless deeds, essential words, Merged in the large acceptance, in the long Pulse of the cosmic chords. Outward, where every word and deed is fit; Outward, beyond the lies of name and shat Of sin and ignorance the cause of it, Life's prison of functed flame.

Outward! O heart, the secret solved at last! Love that enfolds, unites, and understands Love like the sea, with equal waters cast On this and alien lands!

Outward! O free at last! O steadfast soul Calm in the poise of natural things! O wise, How wise is love!—only, beyond control, To pass with open eyes!

—George Cabot Lodge, in Scribner's. The Ferry for Shadowtown.

Sway to and fro in the twilight grey, This is the ferry for Shadowtown; It always sails at the end of day, Just as the darkness closes down, Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so; A sleepy kiss is the only fare. Drifting away from the world we go, Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark, Glitter the light of the Shadowland, The raining drops on the window, hark, Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,

Rock slow, more alow in the dusky light, Silently lower the anchor down; Dear little passenger, say "Good-night!" We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown. --Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitu

The Fount of Tears. All hot and grimy from the road, Dust grey from ardbous years, I sat me down and eased my load Beside the Fount of Tears.

The waters spatkled to my eye, Calm, crystal-like and cool, And breathing there a restful sigh, I bent me to the pool.

When, lo, a voice cried, "Pilgrim, rise, Harsh the the sentence be, And on to other lands and skies, This fount is not for thee.

"Pass on, but calm thy needless fears, Some may not love or sin, An angel guards the Fount of Tears, All may not bathe therein."

Then with my burden on my back, I turned to gaze awhile. First at the uninviting track, Then at the water's smile.

And so I go upon my way,
Thro'out the sultry years,
But pause no more by might, by day,
Beside the Fount of Tears.

-Paul Laurence Dunbar in Ainelle's. Euthanasia.

Let me not die in a room, shut out from the glary of Nature. Prene on a feverish couch and girt with horrible But when I go, may I die in the depths of snarown woodlands.

Far away under the leaves that whisper a threaody o'er me!

Looking my last on the Sun, setting blood-red
far o'er the mountains.

Flushing the sea with his flame as he sinks to
sleep in the distance!

Then as the winds of the night arise from
mystical slumber.

Singing a song of the old days, bringing me rest
in the twillight,
Oh! in a dream may I pass to the shore where
spirits await me.

spirits await me, Carrying there from the earth a picture never to vanish!
This is the death that I crave, to pass on the wings of the night kind,
Far away over the stars to the land of Infinite Silence.

-F. B. Doveton, in the Academy.

Night.

The wind awakes
And haunts the hills,
And drives the dust
Refore it
Through the sleeping town.
The night is dark.
The hight is dark.
The hilds come nearer
And the woods advance,
Cleaking the land
In double myster.
The sleepless river
Sharers as it goes

Shivers as it goes.

And whispers to the bridges overhead. And whispers to the bridges overhead. The pines are mounting on the hills among the graves. A spectre wanders up Above the town,
And I go homeward Charfaid, yet fearful of the haying hound, breading the echo of my footsteps, clied of dim lamplight And a door.

That opens to my lamb.

—Paul Kester, in McClure's.

Nocturnal pilferers we cannot trace,
Fantastic, fleeting, yet divine in grace;
Swift-floited fugitives no law can bind;
Thieves who invade the chambers of the mind;
Deft-fingered burglars in the realm of rest,
Who pillage reason and yet leave us blest—
Elest by the beauty of illusive gleams—
The bright banditt of delightful dreams.

William Hamilton Hayne, in Harper's Maga-

NOTES AND QUERIES

In lieu. Where is the Ninth Cavalry stationed?

At Manile. I wish to write to the Railroad Commission of Centucky; whom shall I address? J. A. C.

C. C. McChord, its chairman, at Spring-field or Frankfort. Where may the lines, "O river, gentle river, idding on," be found? F. H. R.

In "From the Night Journey of a Riv-er," by William Cullen Bryant. What railroad rose through Granger, Wyo; who is its general manager, and where is its head flice?

B. W.

The Union Pacific; E. Dickenson, Oma-

What was the foreign immigration by countries to the United States in the fiscal year 1899?

J. L. G. The countries sending the larger numbers were Italy, 98,780; Ireland, 22,245; Poland, 25,465, and Germany, 25,531; then 23, 29 immigrants were classified as Scandinavian and 15,838 as Slovaks,

Which State or Territory showed by last year's concess the greatest percentage of increase? L. Will you give the strength of Mexico's army and H. M. B.

Oklahoma, 518.2 per cent, exclusive of persons on Indian reservations, 2 The army numbers 37,103, including over 1,009 officers. Two unarmored gunboats of 450 tons each, three still smaller gunboats, and a training ship make up the navy.

army was are not west rointers:
Lieut Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Major Gens. John R. Brooke, Henry C. Corbin, and Elwell S. Otis, Brig. Gens. James F. Wade, Henry C. Merriam, Samuel B. M. Young, Arthur MacArthur, Joseph C. Breckinridge, G. Norman Lieber, Marchall I. Ludington, George M. Sternberg, Adolphus W. Greely, and Fred. C. Ainsworth.

What is gamboge? 2. When used as fuel, how much natural gas is equal to a pound of coal! W. J. H.

The dried juice from the trunk of a tree that grows in Siam. It is composed of resin and gum, about 80 per cent of the former, and is used as a drug and as a pigment. 2 Seven and a half cubic feet is not far from the average, but natural gas is a very variable product, so this ratio does not hold with all gases

In the new apportionment, what States gain Representatives, and how many? 2. Does any State lose? VOTER.

Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connec-ticut, Florida, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, North Dakota, Washington, West Vir-ginia, and Wisconsin gain one member each, Minnesota, New Jersey, and Penn-sylvania gain two each, and Illinois, New York, and Texas gain three each. 2. The others retain their former representation. No State loses.

Who invented the turbine waterwheel? 2. Will you give the dimensions and particulars of head and speed of those employed in the Niagara Falls tunnel. C. A. II.

tunnel.

The first useful turbine was invented by a Frenchman named Fourneyron, about 1823. Before that there had been several inefficient forms of this wheel. 2 Each turbine consists of two "outward-flow" wheels attached to the same shaft, one 11½ feet below the other. Each wheel is 63 inches in diameter, and the "advantageous speed" is 250 revolutions per minute. Water at a mean head of 126 feet is delivered through a penstock Fy feet in diameter at the rate of 12,800 feet per minute, and 5,000 horsepower is attained.

minute, and 5,000 horsepower is attained.

What is the pay of officers in the United States Army? 2. Does our Government give private soldiers who are married an extra allowance?

Our army pay is reckoned by the year. The rates are: Lieutenant general, \$1,000; major general, \$2,500; heigadler general, \$5,500; colonel, \$3,500; heigadler general, \$5,500; major, \$2,500; captain, \$1,500, if mounted, \$2,000; first lieutenant, \$1,500, if mounted, \$2,000; first lieutenant, \$1,500, or \$1,500 when mounted. Up to and including major, officers receive for each five years' service up to twenty years, 10 per cent advance on the original grade pay, and colonels and lieutenant colonels receive a like advance, except that maximum pay for the one is \$4,500 and for the other \$4,000, 2. No.

What is the length of a honey bee's life?

2. How many soldiers were engaged on our side in the Revolution? 3. How is Egypt governed?

C. M.

The ages of the three classes, workers, queens, and drones, vary, and the life of the individuals of any class may vary also. Workers wear themselves out in a very few months, those born at the height of the honex-moduling seans leating not of the honey-producing seaon lasting not over one month. Drones live six months, more or less, and queens live usually from three to five years. 2, 39,781, 3. Its Government is an absolute monarchy of the Mohammedan type, though the Khedive is advised by a Council of Ministers. It is tributary to Turkey, and under military occupation and financial and political control of Great Britain.

will you give the origin of the names "Jack Tar" and "Tommy Atkins?"

SOLDIER.

Jack Tar is generally supposed to be a contraction of Jack Tarpaulin, from the waterproof garment worn by sailors. The term Tommy Atkins, it is said, owes its origin to a little pocketbook or ledger at one time served out to British soldiers, in which were to be entered the name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, wounds, medals, etc., of each individual. The War Gries sent with each little tedger a form for filling it in, and the name selected as a specimen was "Tommy Atkins." The books were instantly so called, and it did not take long to transfer the name from the book to the solider himself.

Are dates successfully raised in the United B. R. T.

Sates 1

It is now an established fact that dates of a good quality and in commercial quantities can be produced in the warmer parts of Arizona, Mexico, and California. During the past year, at the Government experimental station farm near Phoenix, three imported trees bore more than 500 pounds, the fruit ripening between August and January. The fruit placed on the market sold at 25 cents per pound, whole-sale, at Phoenix. Thousands of pounds could have been sold at this price. Packed in neat labeled boxes they retailed at 50 cents to 50 cents per pound. The seedling date trees in various parts of the Territory bore last year 60 to 250 pounds per tree. Those of good quality sold for 25 cents a pound wholesale at Phoenix.

What pact line but one day 2 When the

cents a pound wholesale at Phoenix.

What insect lives but one day. 2. What fish can climb a tree? R. What fish carbox insects by shooting them?

We think you have reference to some member of the mayfly family. Their existence in the adult state is very short, some writers claiming that individuals of some species leave the water, undergo two transformations, mate, lay their eggs, and die, all within an evening. But really these insects are long lived, two to three years being required to develop a generation of some species. For all except a day or a few days of this time the insect lives under water. 2. A few writers credit the Anabas scandens, or climbing perch of India, with this accomplishment. 2. The archer fish is said to do so, bringing down insects to the surface of the water by striking them with drops of water projected from the mouth. Java is the home of this fish.

How many scholarships are issued by the Pen-budy Normal College to each State? 2. What is the real value of such a scholarship, and what are the qualifications necessary to secure one? 3. There being three absolute monarchs in the known world, two of which are the Czar of Rus-sia and Sultan of Turkey, who is the third? J. H. F.

siz and Sultan of Turkey, who is the third?

J. H. F.

The whole number now is 122, distributed as follows: Alabama, 13; Arkansaa, 17; Florida, 8; Georgia, 18; Louisiana, 13; Mississippi, 18; North Carolina, 18; South Carolina, 18; Tennessee, 35; Texas, 18; Virginia, 18, and West Virginia, 19, 2 One hundred dollars a year and the student's railroad tirkst from his home to the college and return by the most direct route. The applicant must be not less than seventeen years old nor more than thirty, of irreproachable moral character, in good health, without physical defects, eccentricities, or habits that would interfere with success in teaching, and must make a picage of intent to teach for at least two years after graduation. Applicants are examined in English, English literature, United States history, geography, arithmetic, elementary algebra, and two books of Wentworth's geometry, and Latin. 3 China, Siam, Korea, Morocco, and Persia aliso are classed as absolute monarchies. The titles of their rulers are, in the order given: Emperor, king, emperor, Sultan, Shah.